LONDON SOCIETY.

WITH SOME PARTICULARS OF THE MOURN-ING FOR THE LATE GERMAN EMPEROR.

THOM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.

London, June 27.

The fourteen days of public mourning ordered by the Queen for her son-in-law are drawing to a close, and very glad people will be to see the last of them. London in black is not an exhilarating spectacle. There have been court mournings before now, but no general mourning of recent years, and the depressing effect of it came as a novelty, and not an agreeable novelty. Society, by one of those tacit plebiseites which are voted nobody quite knows how, had agreed from the first to respect the Queen's wish. Not to respect it was thought a proof of bad taste. The dissenters had to advertise their dissent by wearing colors, and few care to be conspicuous in red when all the world is in black.

All the world, however, means the classes. The masses made an effort for a day or two, but it was not kept up, and the streets have never been quite black. A shop-girl who put on a bit of black ribbon somewhere thought she had done enough to express her sympathy with the Queen and so perhaps she had. The most remarkable act of compliance with the royal wish, was on the part of the unhappy women who throng Regent Street in the late afternoon and evening. They have, it appears, a public opinion of their own, and they too, like the world above them, voted for conformity and the hues of death. It was honestly meant, no doubt, but what a comment on social

customs, and what a caricature! The rule of dress has not, after all, been very tiers of boxes, its long stretch of galleries, its deviations from the path of duty. vast amphitheatre, and every woman everywhere in black, was funereal. Some of the most exemplary of the diplomatists were the French younger women were in white, but not many. Ambassador and Madame Waddington. There The one thing that lent brilliancy to the scene was no mourning in France, but the representawas the diamonds. It seemed as if never before tive of France in England took extreme care lest had so many been worn. The black gowns set it should be said of him that, frem pique

lighted up the house.

to see. Time was when society walked in the people, and who probably believe they do see But the real world some time since the expanse of turf between the statue and Stanstill stroll up and down the walk that borders this grassy plain, and liber are still some who push their way toward the Court.

G. W. S. the older promenade. But most of those whom you will most care to see, most of the women whose social renown is greatest, spend this hour of sunshine in chairs in the triangle of which I have given you the apex. Not all this multitude, not all even of those who are in the space which society has set apart for itself, are really persons of distinction, or, as they used to say, of quality. I heard only a few Sundays ago a lady, who is any space absolutely sacred to the select few; the select two thousand or three thousand, or even Books of the leaders of society. "They follow us wherever we go," cries this disconsolate dame. Perhaps she would be more disconsolate still if they did not follow.

Well this great company is in common times not too brilliant. For, in the matter of costume, the Englishwoman of to-day is a far more admirable person than she was ten years ago. The American has shown her English cousin how to dress, and her cousin has learnt the lesson, and now dresses almost as well as her teacher. and New-York between them have educated Lon-Hyde Park has become no unworthy rival of Central Park and the Bois de Boulogne, and the number of really well-dressed women in London is to-day ten or twenty times as great as it was before the century got into the eighties. The transformation is nowhere to be better seen than in the Park of a Sunday morning, unless it be in the Royal Enclosure at Ascot on the Cup Day. It is in the enclosure that the greatest number of women allow themselves the greatest splendor. On the Sunday before Ascot, which supposed to be the best Sunday for the Park, there appeared a certain lady who belongs, as everybody knows, to the very smartest set in society. She is young, she is extremely pretty, she has every title to admiration. She had chosen on that day to array herself in a gown whereof the body was in vivid green velvet, covered with gold braid in intricate patterns; a vivid green wide velvet sash with gold braid hanging from the waist to the ground; the petticoat of mouse-colored silk, the bonnet again of green and gold; and a parasol of green bestrewn with swarms of gold butterflies. There was no denving the brilliancy of these garments, but the dearest and most candid friends of the wearer pronounced their verdict on them with that instantaneous decision peculiar to the feminine intellect. "It would be too smart, even for Ascot." The rumor of this lustrous apparition spread The question was, " Have you seen Lady X's costume?" and the people who asked and answered it, though incapable of anything so unconventional as running, sailed off to see the sight. There sat this charming person with a group of admirers about her, while a long procession filed past, and gazed. It is long since any single gown has created such excitement. That it was much too fine for the Park was agreed. "But will she wear it at Ascot?" queried her friends. Their suxiety was satisfied on Cup Day. The gown was worn; the gown and parasol were the most striking things in all that assembly of gayly firessed women, who had borrowed for their own parasels all the tints of the rainbow. Two people who parted and wished to meet again agreed to meet near the parasol; nothing was so conspicuous as that; every couple chose it as a rendezvous.

From this extreme example you may judge how much variety and radiance of color you may see in the Park on these Sunday mornings. It is a spectacle; the sunlight, the foliage, the distant view, the lawn all peopled with these beautiful beings, beautifully these opparelled, the animation, the movement, the murmur of conversation, the laughter -all together make this a scene such as nowhere else in England, perhaps not anywhere in the world, has a parallel. The death of the Emperor Frederick was a pall thrown over the whole, and what you saw these last two Sundays was a collection of persons who looked as if fresh from a funeral. Crape was not worn, but nine women out of ten were in black silk, and as diamonds are not displayed by day, there was little to relieve, as at the opera, the ensuing summer. sombre uniformity of these habiliments of wee.

Less strictness has marked the dressing of the men than of the women. In the day time, men have gone about with black coats and waistcoats as usual; with tronsers of gray or other neutral tints or of black and white stripes; with gray gloves if they sought to be extremely correct; with black scarfs, out of which they had omitted the usual scarf- of readers are of more account than the number."

pin, unless it happened to be a pin of pearl; and WEST VIRGINIA COAL BEDS. with a narrow band of crape about their black silk stove-pipe hats; which the Englishman by preference calls chimney pots; or more simply, tall hats. The round low pot-hat, which I think you call in New-York a Derby hat, a name here unknown, is never worn in London by any one who has a character to lose. The officials of the Court put themselves into fuller mourning than the non-official world. I met the Lord Chamberlain one morning all ebony from head to foot; his long full gray beard looking grayer and fuller than ever. I met the same great functionary again in the evening at the Opera, and there was not a sign of mourning about him. If a man were the happy possessor of black pearl shirt studs, he wore them; other black studs were not worn, but either white pearl or white enamel. The sleeve buttons might be what the caprice of the wearer dietated. The tie was invariably white, and the evening dress as usual throughout. No crape was

worn on the arm. Amid this general uniformity of compliance with the Queen's wishes, there have been, naturally, some incidents significant of a carcless or even rebellious spirit; or of a personal independence that would accept dictation from nobody; not even from the "I am a Frenchwoman," said one lady. Why should an English Queen tell me what to wear or whom to receive in my house?" clined, therefore, to put off her party or even her ball, and she slightly scandalized her friends and Mrs. Grundy by driving about the West End in a gown of startling red. I mentioned the other day Lady Ailesbury's dinner-party and the "tail" after it, and the presence of the Duke of Cambridge at both. That was on the very day that the sumptuary edict of Her Majesty came into force. Lady Ailesbury is a woman of such disrigid. Ladies thought themselves entitled to tinction and so closely connected with the Court wear, on occasion, instead of black, white, or that her acts might often be said to be so many gray, or mauve, or white and black. They wore precedents for society. None the less was the black or gray gloves, generally black. Bonnets general surprise that the Duke should have been and hats were black; so were parasols. A few present that evening at her house; still greater put their servants also into mourning, but this was it that he should have stayed for the recepwas the exception. You could not enter a room tion which followed the dinner. What befel him without feeling the gloom, and the more people | in consequence I have said before; he had to enthere were the greater the gloom. It was dure a sharp reproof from his august cousin on the deepest of all at the opera. The aspect of throne. If royalty was not to set a good example, Covent Garden, with its great area of stalls, its who would? There were, in his case, no more

Most exemplary of all were the diplomatists; off the gems, which sparkled and shone and or any other motive, he had omitted to conform in the least particular to English More melancholy than the opera was the Park etiquette on this occasion. They were to have on Sunday in the interval between church and dined with Lady Ailesbury. They sent excuses luncheon, from half past 12 to 2 o'clock. This at the last moment, and not till the last moment is ordinarily one of the sights and gayeties of | was it known that Her Majesty's rescript had London; one that the transient American in his | that day become operative. The Embassy at of an eminent Frenchman, who called in a blue Row, or, more accurately, in the paths on either tie, and was requested to come next time in a of the Row. It walks there no longer. black. The American Legation, like the rest, The Row is full, but not, to use a current expressed its sympathy with the bereavement phrase, with the right people. It is full of of Germany and its respect for the Queen's people who have gone there to see the right | wish, by the most accurate observance of these new customs in attire. I really don't know whether all the Ambassadors and Ministers and moved a little northward. It gathered for Secretaries, and the wives of all these, will be exawhile in the open space at the east end of pected to continue in mourning while the Court the Row. Then it crossed the drive and sat in does. I believe not, however. For them, a the shadow of the Achilles statue. Now it has for the rest of the world, the rule for the next migrated still further and is to be found on few weeks will be to dress as they like, save when they are to meet one of the royal family. Gate. Some of the right people When that occurs, they must go in black, or in

> NOTES FROM THE BOLOGNA OCTOCENTENARY. The following is an extract from a private letter written by a New-York delegate to the election of the eighth centenary of the foundation of the University of

Bologua in Italy: The festivities were all that could be expected. Rarely if ever was there such a gathering of eminent professors of law and science from all parts of the Nearly every important university of Europe world. within, far within, this magic circle, if not quite | was represented and about twelve colleges of America at the centre, deplore the impossibility of keeping but the names of persons and places in the printed lists were strangely confused; Canada was located in South America, New-Jersey, which sent Professor Scott four, whose names are to be found in the Golden from Princeton, was put down as an Independent Related "Ecclesia Christiana":

The academic dignitaries of Europe appeared in their official dress with golden chains and rich decorations, and presented a most picturesque spectacle The speeches, nearly all Italian with a little Latin and a very brilliant one in costume; brilliant, but less French, but not a word of English, were eloquent and highly applanded, especially that of the poet Carducci and of Minister Boselli.

The King, the Queen the Crown Prince and the court graced the occasion and gave it official lustre. They sat out and stood out the ceremonies from the beginning to the close. The Queen gave a reception which was a brilliant affair. She is a beautiful, charming and highly accomplished lady. Altogether the festival was unique and well worth attending. I had a few pleasant words with the King who said to man a few pleasant words with the King who said to me: "We have a great deal of sympathy with America and American institutions." I replied that so the Americans felt for free and United Italy. The Royal pair are immensely popular, and deservedly so. Every allusion to free and United Italy was received with thundaning analysis. Every allusion to free and times had several with thundering appliance. I became acquainted with everal distinguished Italians among whom A. Saff, the survivor of the Triumvirate of the Roman Republic in 1849, and found that they entirely agree with the American idea of an absolute separation of church and street.

AMERICAN TRAVELLERS IN IRELAND.

John H. Duke, in a letter to the Belfast News-Letter.

I have been crossing the Adlantic for the last thirty-five years (six times hast years, and each time, when bound to the eastward. I asked many of my fellow-passengers why they did not land at Queenstown and come through Ireland, as the country was well worthy of a visit, Dublin and Belfast especially. The principal reason I had from every one of them was the high scale of railway fares charged in Ireland; besides, many of the hotels were ever reasy to take advantage of strangers. Now, what I would promose is that the railways should carry passengers between Belfast and Queenstown at the rate of a penny per mile, first-class (second and third class in proportion); and give them Blerty to break their Journey at any station at which the train stops. One of the best paying railways in the world is the Hudson River Railread, in the state of New-York, and that company charges no more than two cents (equal to a penny) per mile, first-class; and yet they pay their employes at least four times the wages that men similarly employed in this country are paid, thereby rendering their men independent of the gratuity of passengers. You would be sorry if you saw, as I see every year, the thousands of people that pass our shores and never see Ireland, except the rugged outline as seen from the ship's deck; the amount of noney that these people spend elsewhere that might be spent in Ireland. There are different other objections urged by travellers against the railway system in this country, such as the state of the third-class carriages, which on some of the railways are not fit for use; the waiting at different points along the route to check tick, which necessitates a rerious loss of time on a long journey; the lack of cleanliness, and the defective arrangements with regard to bugger. A temperance carriage to be run on the train between Dublin and cork has also been suggested, as passengers would thereby not be compelled to suffer fellow-passengers on the lounter.

It is John H. Duke, in a letter to the Belfast News-Letter.

of strong drink imbibed by some of their fellow-passengers on the Journay.

It is a great pity that railway officials in this country are so prejudiced against American ideas that
they will not adopt a little of the go-ahead system
so much in use on the other side of the Atlantic.
In the United States there are more niles of railway
than in all Europe (Great Iritain included), and, according to the current issue of an English journal,
the United States railways in 1884 yielded an average
dividend of 5.4 per cent., while the average divident
of the Irish railways for same year was 3.5 per cent.
Those are facts which surely point out clearly the
success of the American system.

Cannot some of your Dublin and Belfast merchants
take up the matter, and place it before the railway
authorities in the proper light. Let them see that
they are keeping money out of the country, thereby
hindering its commercial advancement. If the fares
could be reduced between Queenstown and Belfast,
it is my sincere belief—and I write from a thorough
knowledge of the case—that it would lead to a constant influx of visitors from the United States and
Canada, who, passing through Ireland, would each
spend something to benefit the country, and especially
Belfast.

It is at least worthy of a three months' trial this
ensuing summer. It is at least worthy of a three months' trial this

A LESSON FOR ADVERTISEES.

From The hoston Advertiser.

Two men were talking on Washington-st. Saturday on the merits of different newspapers as advertising mediums. One well-known dally was mentioned

A FERTILE FIELD FOR THE CAPITALIST.

WAITING FOR THE RAILROADS TO DEVELOP IT-

LOGGING IN THE ALLEGHENIES. Logan Court House, W. Va., June 10.—This is the heart of the famous coal fields of West Virginia. While railroads are pushing across the vast plains of the West striving to tap the coal beds of the Rosky Mountains, here lies, right at the doors of the great Eastern markets, more coal than Colorado, with all its boasting, ever dreamed of. Here it is, within twenty miles of that great inland water route, the Ohio River, and within 150 miles of Atlantic tidewater. It is not here and there, but everywhere. It juts out on the banks of every creek in great veins twelve and fifteen feet thick. Back of every log cable in the wooded hills is a coal hole, from which the mountaineer digs his supply in winter. It is easier dug than it is to pick up faggots and make wood fires, though the whole face of the country, mile after mile, mountain ridge after mountain ridge, is a solid forest, save where the axes of the loggers have chopped out clearings. The bins of these lazy mountaineers are never empty and they open within a few fest of their back doors. Under this town, under Wayne Court House, under Hamlin, in fact, under every hamlet in this part of West Virginia is a mine of excellent cannol coal.

There are indications that these valuable coal fields will not be left much longer undisturbed as they have been for centuries. The only solution ever offered for their neglect hitherto has been political fossilism. Whether this be so or not, there 's good reason to believe that a new era is about to dawn on these mountains, and that the wildcars, bears and other "varmints" will yet be roused and frightened away back in the mountain recesses by the shrick of the lo comotive and the rolling of coal trains. Already the Norfolk and Western Railroad is preparing to come out surveyed routes along the Sandy, Guyandotte, Mud and Twelve Pole Rivers, and will shortly reach into the mountains after the black diamonds and lumber to be found there. Other roads are projected also.

fited by railroads and the transportation of lumber | wood were thus used last winter for this summer the hillsides to the nearest stream, where they are of trade in this class of sporting good to the Ohlo River. As may be imagined, the busi- mensions. ness is an uncertain one, subject to periods of prosfor nearly eighteen months and as logs cannot get to toughness of ash makes it indispensable for the of downright suffering among the people. Pole River for fifteen months. Every log has the is obtained, initial of the owner chopped or branded on it, so that The practice ball, or boys' ball, is covered with it can be found and identified after it reaches the sheepskin, and is more cheaply and roughly made. The core is usually composed of leather scraps, which

Owing to the uncertainty of the business the logging industry is falling off year by year but the chop-ping and hewing of railroad ties and the "riving" of Sary to hold the scraps together until the cover is put staves flourishes briskly, for these being lighter can reach market on a much smaller flood. These West two strips of leather cut samething life the consists with the cold "star" pattern. It consists two strips of leather cut samething life the consists with the cold strips of leather cut samething life the consists. two strips of leather cut something like the figure s, Virginia white oak staves are shipped to all parts of the world, but the bulk of them are consumed in the barrels of the Standard Oil Company or are shipped and if the man who invented it had only patented his to the wine provinces of France and Spain. One house in Boston keeps agents here buying for Bordeaux and Barcelona all the year around. In addition they are largely used for dunnage for ships loaded for South

Not many years ago the forests were full of wild cherry and walnut, but there is to be found none of the former variety and but little of the latter now. Arents of lumber firms in the castern eities travelled through here and bought every wild cherry tree that could be found and nearly all the walnut. Some of the mountaineers if they had only find the moral cour are to hold on to their wild cherry and walnut trees for a few years would have had a moderate competence within their great through the increase in the value of their woods by this time.

The price paid for these lands is ridiculously small when the possibilities of the future are considered. There are thousands and thoushigh as \$5 an acre. The timber on the land alone the great benefits that would accrue from an enter- were being filled up with Italians. prising spirit. They dwell in an atmosphere of a hundred years ago. Perhaps the little clearing that sur-rounds the log cabin may be planted in potatoes, but it is the women who did the planting and who chop the weeds and briars after the plant is through the with lost children lately would indicate to a cynic ground. The head of the family may do an occasional job of logging or working at the drifts in a time of a rise, but otherwise his time is spent fishing, or hunt-sitting in the back room of the station. They had yarn gloves (a woman without red yarn gloves is a rare little clearings. I met an agent for a Wheeling stove-

trouble one of these stoves would save your wife."

concluded to mave on and less no more time with the lance of frankness and truthfulness, touched

"What riles me," said another drummer, travelling pled with food and better clothes in short order for a shoe house in Haltimore, " is to go into a store to sell a man a bill of goods and find abut a dozen lying. He had got lost in the streets and his parents loafers stretched out on the counters or lying around had not taken the trouble to inquire for him, either loafers stretched out on the counters or lying around on the porch with pillows under their heads, and cars at the police station or at Headquarters. One little stretched to take in every word you say. It takes all the heart out of me, and often I turn and leave the store in disgust without trying to make a sale.

All this, however, applies only to the "hill country" back from the railroads. Wherever the neigh of the "black pony" is heard and the lines of shining steel rails are seen, the evidences of thrift, push and business are observable. Nowhere is this more striking than in Huntington, on the Chesapeake and Ohio road. Here within a comparatively few years have sprung up a busiling community of 8,000 souls, with marks of progress that make it look in many respects like a Western town. Here the railroad, after its long, winding stretch through the falleghenies, touches the line of commerce that is carried on the yellow flood of the Ohio River. Here the Easian Car Works, with a weekly pay-roll of \$53,000, employing nearly 1,000 men, give stability to the future of the town. C. P. Huntington, after whom the town is named, takes a great interest in its prosperity and owns a great deal of land in and around it.

While Mr. Huntington is belping to build a prosperous town on the routh bank of the Ohio, stephen E. Elkins, as the chief spirit in the West Virginia Contral Railroad, is pushing that road southward from Pielmont on the Ealtimere and Ohio, to the coal fields of Pocahontas County, and adding materially to the development of the State; and Parkersburg capitalists, with ex-serator Camden at the head, are opening the coal banks along the line of the newly constructed Ohio River Railroad. community of 8,000 souls, with marks of progress

INCAUTIOUS OBSERVATIONS.

From The Boston Transcript.

A lady whose garden happens to overook the gar-dea of her next-door neighbor was out looking at her flowers the other morning. Her little dog, Rags, had accomparied her, and took it into his head to lie down picturesqueir by the fence. His mistress, looking down at him as he lay curied up there, who his blue ribbon about his neck, clasped her hands in mock admiration, and exclaimed, looking steadily at him.

lived a family who were engaged in farming, and who had employed a mysterious hired man, who gave no other name than "Mr. Smith," and was never called otherwise. He served his engagement faithfully, and, departing, left behind him a pretty kitten which he had picked up somewhere, and which was named by the family in his honor, "Mr. Smith." "Mr. Smith" grew to cathood, and was a greatly esteemed member of the family, being affectionate and faithful, and possessing all the feline virtues, so that when the family finally left the firm and moved down to Lowell they brought "Mr. Smith" along with them.

One Sunday morning, after they were settled in their new home, which closely adjoined another house, the head of the household stepped to the back door, and, seeing the cat, saluted him familiarly.

"Aha, Mr. Smith! Taking your airing, ch? You're a fine animal, Mr. Smith"

He noticed that a spruce-looking man in the next yard looked up in some surprise at this remark, but said nothing.

Another day, later on, having gone out to call the cat, he again saluted him thus:

"Well, Mr. Smith, how do you like it down here? Do you find plenty of rats to cat?"

Glancing over he saw his neighbor again, and this time the neighbor appeared to be regarding him very intentity, with a queer expression in his face. So he thought to propitiate him by a friendly salutation."

"Good morning, sir."

tion—
"Good morning, sir."
"Morning. But why in the world do you ask me whether I get rats enough to eat, and why do you eail me a fine animal."
"I-I did n't know I did, sir."

"I-I did n't know i did, sir."
"Well, you did. I am a conductor on the Boston & Blank Kalirozd, and my name is Smith. And you are always coming but of your door and calling 'Mr. Smith! Mr. Smith!' or making some such confounded remark as you did just now. I want to know what it all means." I am a conductor on the The explanation was n't particularly difficult; but out of consideration for his neighbor's feelings the owner of "Mr. Smith" has given up the use of that name for the animal out of doors.

MANY MOUTHS FED BY BASEBALL.

THE MAKING OF BATS AND BALLS A BIG INDUSTRY -A CHANCE FOR A FORTUNE LET SLIP.

The national game of baseball has taken so deep of the valley of the Clinch River and build northward a hold upon the youth of this generation that to through these hills. The Chio River Railroad has keep pace with the demand for balls and bats big factories have sprung up in many localities, and hundreds of working men and women gain a livelihood turning the bats over their lathes or sewing the covers by hand over the inner core of the sphere, which Nor are the vast coal beds the only inducements is now made by machinery. Bats are shipped to this offered to enterprise in these mountains. The log- city by the carload from Michigan and West Virginia, ging and lumber industries would be immensely bene and it is estimated that 50,000 cords of ash and willow would be no inconsiderable item in the earnings of trade. The bulk of the bats are used by amateur a road. At present logging is the only industry of the people. The forests abound with splendid hard game in the public eye and serve to keep up the oak, poplar, chestnut oak, spruce and wal- enthusiasm and give the sport a national character, nut, while at this season of the year the air is heavy but after all the game has made the professionals with the scent of the wild encumber flower. The and not the professionals the game, and if it were logs are cut and rolled, "skected" and dragged down not for the amateur followers of the sport the volume left to await a rise big enough to float them down correspondingly small proportion to its present di-

Willow is the favorite material for the popular bat, perity or depression as the rains do or do not come. as its lightness is combined with a sufficient amount At present the whole country is suffering, for there of strength for youthful players, and West Virginia has not been a rise sufficient to make a stave-drive turns out the best grade of this variety. The superior market there is no money in circulaton, the stores strain which a professional player subjects it to, and have ceased to credit and there are many instances. Michigan's forests furnish an inexhaustible supply Every of this tough wood. The manufacture of balls demands stream is choked and crowded with a tangled mass more care. The better class of balls, those of regu-of logs of different sizes, railroad ties and staves, lation size and weight, as prescribed by the profeshurried flight to the Continent may be advised Albert Gate has remained closed. I even heard awaiting a rise to take them out. One firm of Louis sional rules, are covered with horse hide, stretched ville lumber men have not less than \$150,000 in- with double linen thread, well waxed and smoothed vested in logs that have been heaped up, twisted by machinery. The inner core is of rubber carefully and drifted along the picturesque shores of Twelve wound about with yarn by hand until the correct size

are pressed into a spherical shape by machinery and

MANY CHILDREN LOST IN THE STREETS. THE CARELESSNESS OF SOME PARENTS-DIFFI-CULTIES OF THE POLICY.

"It is not surprising that children get lost in my receinet," said Police Captain O'Connor, of the East Eighty-eighth-st., squad, speaking of the recent isappearance and finding of little Ellen Maria Wahl-"because there are so many careless parents in the tenement houses which have been erected so rapidly in that part of the city. Only a few years ago there were many blocks of vacant lots east of Third-ave, between Seventy-second-st, and Onehundred and tenth-st. Now most of the space is filled with human hives. Contractors have been putting up flats and tenement houses at a most astonishing rate. Row after row of houses will be | feal andience would excuse him a moment he believed ands of acres of splendid forest land, underlaid with coal velos, which are to-day in the hands of the sheriff thirty, and forty houses at one time. Many families While arranging for the next scene, I and would be knocked down to a bidder who offered as have moved from the lower part of the city, because Priest got involved in a quarrel as to whether there they could get nice rooms in new houses at a cheap would, if it could be marketed, fetch that sum twenty rent in Harlem, or because they wished to get away drew his rapier and the Priest took the chair and they times over. But the people do not seem to appreciate from neighborhoods in which the tenement houses

"There are over 50,000 children in my precinct It is a rare eight to see a man tilling the soil, been found by policemen in various parts of the while the women, mothers, and daughters wearing red precinet. We cared for the children all day and not one of their parents came to inquire for them until spectacle in the hills), can often be seen at work in the | we had sent them to Police Headquarters in the evening

"A policeman of the precinct recently saw a drunken house in Hamilton not long ago. He was talking of his experiences in selling stoves in "the hills." Said he: woman leading a little girl into a liquor store and woman leading a little girl into a liquor store and he took them both to the station. The woman control of Day without fail." He then bowed with the play found, as usual, a woman cooking over the fireplace | fessed that the girl was not her child but had been with the old-fashloned crane, skillet, and even. I found by her wandering in the streets a day or two showed her how handy a stove would be and got her nightily interested. By and by her husband, a tall, missing child and the little girl could not tell where sallow mountaineer, slouched in, and in a surly tone de her home was. It was not until days had passed manded what I wanted. I told him who I was and that the girl's parents claimed her. One night we explained my business. "Look," said I. "how much heard that a little boy had been sleeping several "I married her for work for me. I reckan I don't compared and a policeman found the "I married her for work for me. I reckon I don't youngstor. The boy said his parents had died and want none o' yer stoves," he replied sulkily, and I he had no home. His story, told with every appearhearts of the roughest policemen and he was sup-

> "We found out later that the young rogue had been boy who was lost was met in the street by his mother when a policemen was taking him to the station. He backed away from the woman and refused to admit that she was his mother. We were obliged to keep the little rascal until the woman could bring proof of ownership."

A DUDE BERIDEGROOM.

From The Detroit Free Press. "How do I look, Dicky!""
Dicky is the "best man" and a brother dude,
le replies with great forvor:
"Oh, splendid, deah boy, splendid."
"Weally, Dicky!"

"Weally, Dicky?"
"Pon honah, old fellow."
"Me nocktle all right, Dicky?"
"Yes, yes-everything's all right."
"Weally, Dicky?"
"Pon honah, dear boy."
"Me coat sets well in the back, Dicky?
"Weally, Dicky?" Weally, Dicky ! Yes, weally."

"Yes, weally."

O. Dicky!"

Well, deah boy!"

Well, deah boy!"

Ist't there a winkle, a great, horrid winkle in my

"Isfit there a winkle, a great, horrid winkle in my right glove!"

"No-"pon honah."

"Oh. I'm so glad, for-O, Dicky!"

"Well, me boy!"

"Well, me boy!"

"Would you mind taking the brush and smoothing me hair down a little on the left side?"

"With pleasure, old fet."

"Ah thanks."

"Ah, thanks."

"Ah, brace up, brace up, me boy.

"What time is it, Dicky."

"A quarier to B."

"Ah! Almost time for the ceremony. Hanged if I don't wish it was all over with. You sure I look all right, Dicky."

"Splendid, old fet."

"Shendid, old fet."

"Ah, thanks awfully, deah boy, I'm a twiffe pale, eh, Dicky!"

"A mere twiffe." "A mere twiffe."

Ah, thanks. Wo. Would you mind familing me a little,

Dicky!"

"With pleasure, me boy."

"O, Dicky, what if I should faint!"

"There, there, me boy; don't get nervous,"

"Hanged if I can help it. Ah, it's time to meet
Helen, and I look all right, I— my necktie—I—my
trousers—for I—I—my hair, Dicky, my hair, I—I—O,
Dicky, I'm so nervous!"

in the one pocket a couple of seed cakes, three matches, a toothpick, a small silver watch, several pieces of cough candy and the boy's pocket hanker-chief. When the liftle fellow was questioned as to the reason for the very varied assortment, he replid: "Well, I thought if I got hungry in the night time I would need the seed cakes, and of course I'd want the toothpick afterward; if I wanted to see what time it was by my watch I would have to have a match, and I was afraid of coughing, so I put the candy there." His excuses were equal to his preparations at any rate. at any rate.

"HAMLET" IN DAKOTA.

FRIGHTFUL MORTALITY AMONG THE DAN-ISH NOBILITY.

HOW THE RICHARD HEELER DRAMATIC COMPANY FACED DEATH IN ALL ITS VARIOUS FORMS. New-Yorkers talk too flippantly about the "prov

inces." Especially is this true in theatrical circles. It seems to be thought that good things in this line ever get outside of this city. Yet, notwithstanding, I once saw Hamlet in Estelline, Dakota, away out near the provincial boundary, played in a way I think no company in New-York could equal,

Toward spring in 1884, the Richard Heeler Dramatic Company came to Estelline to play a season of the legitimate. Amusement matters in town had been quiet before that. One or two large-eyed phrenologists, with their flowing locks caught back carelessly behind their ears, had wandered into town, spoken aimlessly and taken up a collection in the Baptist church, buncoed the Methodist minister on a watch trade and walked thoughtlessly out of town without paying their board; but that was about all, So when Richard Heeler came we all bought tickets and went early. The play was presented in the Grand Opera House, which was located over the Golden Lariat saloon. As we sat gazing at the four army blankets which made up the drop curtain, much speculation was indulged in as to what sort of play it was. The bills said it was "Shakespeare's unapproachable creation, Hamlet, or the Prince of Denmark." Jim Ebert said he hoped they wouldn't talk in Danish because he only understood German and English. The local orchestra, consisting of Fred Robinson and the cabinet organ belonging to the Presbyterian society, attracted our attention for a few minutes, after which the per-

Everything went on pretty well at first, though we noticed that Francisco walked a little erooked and that Horatle shoved a chair ahead of him when he came on; and heard Polonius indulging in blank prose behind the scenes because the liquor wasn't as good as at the last town. He was talking to the Queen and he said that kind of stuff might do for nigger minstiel companies or modern society drama troupes, but it wasn't the kind of poison for the legitimate, we shortly after discovered that the Ghost had him? been drinking. We had expected to find the Ghost

We didn't mind it when Marcellus pulled a flat bottle out of his coattail pocket and took a nip, because they had just made a remark about the air being chilly, but we did look for a prohibition Ghost. Intoxication is one of the worst habits that a ghost

can fall into. It is bad enough when a mortal gets a skate on, as they say in Boston, several sizes too big for him, but when a ghost dons such a thing it becomes even more painful. It looks suspicious when a ghost has to lean up against the wall when he

Hamlet didn't get on to the stage till the second act, though we could hear him behind the scenes playing poker with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, and occasionally overhear him telling the King that they had got to slide along the best way they could be-

occasionally overhear him telling the King that they had got to side along the best way they could because he wasn't going to quit loser.

When the Prince of Demmark did come on, however, he made it lively for them. The character was played by Richard Reeler himself, and we gathered from what he said while he was coming on that Guildenstorn had cleaned him out and he had had to stop. One of his first moves was to chase Fortinbras or the stage and slaughter him, and run his sword through the King. He said he had had it in for Fortinbras for a long time, and that as fer the King, he might as well die first as last. Besides, he added, it was kings that had just downed him in the poker game and he would get even with him where he could. The First Graved digger then came in and began to kick, claiming that he had intended to use that joke himself, but Hamlet ran him through with his sword and told while he was dying that he intended to wind this thing up before they came to the graveyard scene at all.

The King, together with Fortinbras and the First Gravedinger, were observed about this time going out the side door headed for the bar. Osrie also dropped out, explaining to those near the door that he saw this thing wasn't going to last long and he guessed he wouldn't have to go on at all.

Hamlet stepped on the stage a moment, with a bag over his shoulder, in which he said he had the heads of Bernardo and an attendant, and if the large and critical andlence would excuse him a moment he believed he would step down and take a drink.

While arranging for the next scene, Laertes and the First large in market reason in his closing argument with a bird-shot destructive new proposition of notes he took as when he whole assault?

Eith Power to go through a case beats any man's every particle of evidence pertaining to the various heads to which it belongs, according to the points or plans of battle he has laid out. Everything, pro and contribute and the whole massault?

Eith Hamlet stepped on the stage a moment, which a bas

While arranging for the next scene, Lacries and the should be one chair or two at a table, and Laeries went for each other. They both got down and were strengiling to rise, when Hamlet happened to return, and yelled at them to stay down. "Stay down!" he howled, "don't you know you're dead? Didn't you just kill each other? What in thunder are you trying to get up for?" He made them stay down and Polonhis drew them off the stage by the feet. Hamlet said the blamed hams didn't seem to know when they were dead. It was discouraging, he went on, to have a set around you that when they were killed, didn't know enough to keep still and shorten up the play. They seemed to act as if they expected the star to do all said: "I am requested to announce that you can get the best brands of wines, liquors and cigars at the

chind that that was an anachronism because they lidn't have eigarettes then. But it didn't make much difference, as Hamlet immediately yelled to her from behind the scenes that she might as well get to a nunnery and drown herself first as last, as he wasn't oming. She made an elaborate bow to the audience and said: "Ladies and gentlemen: Please consider me drowned," and skipped gracefully off the stage. heard Hamlet tell the English Ambassador that there

as more than one way to kill an actor. High words and the crashing of a chair were then beard in the left wing, and Hamlet came on a moment later and said he was sorry to announce that the Player King and Player Queen had just had a falling out and killed each other, so it would be impossible to have that scene. It didn't make much difference, however, he added, as the regular King was guilty anyhow, and he had already settled him. He also said that Francisco had been suddenly taken sick and wasn't expected to live, and he had got the Gravedigger sitting on him trying to hold him down, so they couldn't appear either. We could hear Francisco flopping about the dressing-room on his back, and howling about just having seen a snake, so we readily excused him. Page said it wasn't in the play but we agreed we wouldn't make a fuss about such a

An attendant came in at this point and announced to Hamlet that the Queen, Horatio, Polonius, Rosenerantz and Guildenstern had been drowned while on their way to England. Hamlet looked at us appealingly, as much as to say: "You see how every thing goes to-night," and that was all. Page said that from reading the play nobody would have any idea

that there was such a high rate of mortality. The next two acts dragged some, as Hamlet went down to get another drink, and there wasn't any one left except Marcellus and Reynaldo, and Voltimand and Cornelius, and a few lords and ladies and other small fry, and the Ghost; but he could hardly be counted now, as he could only sit in a chair and snore; but he snored hard, and seemed anxious to earn his salary, so we overlooked it. One of the lords hilled Reynaldo, and Voltimand spoke up and said he wanted to die, and not having any sword, cut his throat with one of the goblets and expired instantly, more; but he snored hard, and seemed anxious to earn his salary, so we overlooked it. One of the lords killed Reynaldo, and Voltimand spoke up and said he throat with one of the goblets and expired instantly. Hamlet appeared at this point, and drawing his sw took it in both hands, and swung it right and left. finished up the crowd and lowered the curtain.



A Little Girl Cured by Vita Nuova (New Life). 1.246 Herkimer-st., Brooklyn, April 26, 1883.

Dear Madame: Some time ago my little daughter's life was despaired of; she had become emaciated and weakened until she was almost helpiess; our physician thought her rapidly declining and gave us no hope. I was induced to give her your "Vita Nuova" tonic. Within one week its benedicial effects were apparent, and the child is to-day in perfect health, romps and sings from morning till night. This child since her birth has been seriously troubled with a weakness of the bladder, a compaint common to many children, and exceedingly annoying to them as well as to their parents. "Vita Nuova" has also entirely cured this dreadful aliment. This result is indeed a blessing. You are at liberty to use this letter and the photograph as you see fit, as it may induce mothers who read it to try "Vita Nuova," as I urgo them to do with all my heart, for their helpless bables who are suffering. I shall be happy to verbally corrobo-rate all I here write, which I feel but half expresses our rate all I here write, were sincerely, gratitude to you. Yours, very sincerely, ADELE R. REYNOLDS.

I would like to add my thanks to those of my wife for the most wonderful cure of our little girl. It is such a blessing to get a night's rest after having been disturbed since the child's birth three or four times a night-

Yours, very truly, CHAS. EDWARD REYNOLDS.

"Vita Nuovu"—New Life—is the best, surest and safest remedy for nervousness, indigestion, sleeplessness, hysteria, neuralgia, malaria and gastric fever over offered to the property HURBARD AVER. 52 the public. Send to HARRIET HUBBARD AVER, 52 Park place, New York City, for copies of letters from persons of world-wide reputation, who have used and secommended this great remedy.

rob the grave? Think a man can interpret such a

"But you ain't dead?" urged Page "Ain't, hey? But how long do I look as if I was going to live? Do I look healthy? What kind of a risk would I be for a life insurance company? Do I look 'sif my name was Methuseler? Got an idea I'm long-lived? If you have, you're mistaken. I dis right now!" And he fell on his sword, kicked a few times with his right foot, and all was still. We filed out and went home. I woke up about 3 o'clock tha next morning, and heard Hamlet and the Ghost roaring up and down the sidewalks looking for Polonius. They claimed he had sneaked off and gone to bed omewhere, instead of keeping wassail with them in Denmark till morning. FRED. II. CARRUTH.

GENERAL HARRISON AS A LAWYER.

But Harrison has more than one plan. He is fer-But Harrison has more than one plan. He is fertile in expedient to a striking degree, and can change
his order of attack in the face of the enomy. A popular lawyer tells a story of him illustrative of this.
It was in Harrison's early days here at the bar. He
was opposed to a very foridable array of old and
eminent lawyers. He was a smooth-faced, yellowhaired young man, and his eminent legal opponents
best him jumpine at a lively rate. A keen old
Irishman, who was a spectator in the court-room,
was a witness of the contest. "I looke that little
Horrison," said he. "He has so many ways, When
they bate him wan way, he turns around and bates
them annother way; and they can't carhner him at all,
at all."

In the management of witnesses, it is said by those

at all!"

In the management of witnesses, it is said by those who know, that few lawyers are his equal, and fewer still his superior. "I have not often seen Harrison equalled as a cross-examiner," said a lawyer at the bar recently, "and I have never seen but one instance in which I thought him surpassed, and that was in Judge Fullerton's work during the Beecher-Tilton trial."

A COLORED MAN'S COURTESY.

the best brands of wines, liquors and clears at the Peep o' Day saloon, corner of Second-st, and Cayuse-ave. Fresh lager always on draught. Try the Peep o' Day without fail, Ble then bowed and went on with the play.

The only Shakespearean scholar in the audience was Page Ingersoll, who played poher for a living and read the inspired bard when business was slack. He admitted they were rushing the killing too fast, but he didn't say much till Ophelia came on smoking a cigarette. Then he turned and told those in the seat the field that that the two was a gracebosing because that and resumed his seut.

EXCESSIVE GRIEF OVER A DOG'S DEATH.

EXCESSIVE GRIEF OVER A DOG'S DEATH.

Boston letter to The Minnespoils Tribune.

A lady in society here, who knows the T-s well, tells a story about one of the daughters—a joily sort of young woman, in whom one would not be apt to suspect any morbid or other eccentric tendency. Some time ago her husband, who is an officer in the navy, brought home from Japan a diminutive black-and-tan terrier. The brute was at one adopted as a pet by Mrs. Blank-for so she may as well be called—and taken into the family as its most privileged member. It was a shivery little beast, with the worst temper imaginable; but, in its mistress's eyes, a model of all canine virtues. She extrict it, on her walks abroad, in the sleeve of her fur-lined doiman, whence it snapped at every one who ventured to shake her hand. Costly coats and blankets, lined with quilted silks, were provided for the little animal, with plenty of tenderion steak, chopped fine, three times a day. But, alack-a-day! the climate was too much for its derivate constitution, and so it passed away, with galloping consumption, so the doctors said, who were called in ante-morem consultation.

Young Mrs. Blank was inconsolable. She at once assumed the deepest mourning, gave up an anticipated trip to Europe, and retired into a convent for thirty days of medication on the brevity of life and the essentially transitory nature of happiness in this world. Poor doggy was buried with impressive ceremonies, wrapped in a shroud of white silk, and enclosed by an expensive coffu, made to order. Some weeks later—the lady having declared that she could not possibly exist without the companionship of her dear "Cheer!"—the corpse was dug up and hermetically scaled in a metal casket, which was subsequently carried about wherever Mrs. Blank went, in one of her trunks.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF PLEASURE.

From The Medical Press.

The question has eften been asked as to what constitutes the greatest pleasure, and who is the happiest man, but it is obviously one that does not admit of solution. The intensity of the pleasurable sensation is a matter of temperament and surroundings, but, cacteris partius, the happiest man is he who possesses the greatest sensibility, the most powerful imagination, the strongest will and the least number of prejudices. The men are rare who can by an effort of the will arrest the oscillations of sorrow and allow only cords of pleasure to vibrate. Pleasure is the mode of sensation, never the sensation itself, and it is not a paradox, but an incontestible physiological truth, to say that no pleasure exists which is essentially or necessarily From The Medical Press.

A DOG'S CLOSE COUNT OF THE BITES,

"Ch! don't you think you look awfully nice in your blue ribbon, down there?"

Just as the words "down there?" were out of her mouth, she noticed, to her horror, that the lady part door, whose instinance she had not the honor of, was exactly in the line of her vision, in the next yard, and that she wore a blue ribbon of the merit was invisible from where she stood, and she had no doubt the remark was addressed to her. She fiaxed about with a fierce movement, rushed back into her house and slammed the door after her. The unin-house and helpless.

Another inclient, of which this one reminds the Listener is as follows:

Up in New-Hampshire, some few years ago, there